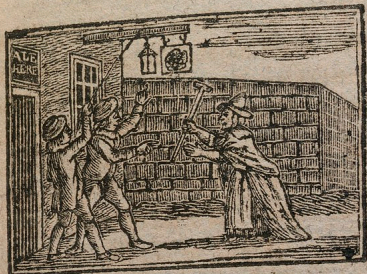


It was not long after, that in a very dark night, he and a wicked companion saw a poor old woman coming up the town where he lived with a lanthorn; they contrived to throw a long cord over a high sign-post. *Jack* had hold of one end with a hook fastened to it; his companion had hold of the other, and stood in a dark corner some distance off: so when the poor old woman came close to *Jack*, he pretended he had lost a halfpenny, and the good-natured woman lending her lanthorn to him, he fastened it to the hook, and hallooed out loud, Now for't! which his companion hearing, instantly hauled up the lanthorn to the top of the sign-post, then fastened the string to a nail



nail, and ran home; leaving the poor woman to find her way in the dark.

Thus you see, that the same boy who could not pity blindness and poverty, had no reverence for old age, or respect for good-nature. The woman's kindness was equally the same in lending the lanthorn, whether *Jack* really lost, or only pretended to lose the halfpenny;